A little orange plastic dog just ran into my ear and the little bugger won't come out. I even offered him some beef jerky but he says he only eats mosquito paste so I've been sitting around smashing up mosquitoes to coax this dog out of my ear and when I've finally got enough of this mosquito-mush mixed up the dog says he changed his mind about it and now he just wants some smack. I don't have any and he starts biting the inside of my ear and I'm afraid the little bastard's gonna make me go deaf 'cause he's barking too, so-I don't like to do it - but I go in after him with a Q-tip. He comes out looking like a little ball of earwax, but I can still make out the tail. When I was young I had a dog that died and I never got to bury him so I take the Q-tip and wipe the little orange ball with a tail off onto a Kleenex and put the Kleenex in a shoebox and bury the shoebox in the backyard. Then I stand over the burial mound and play “Taps” on my grandfather's old accordion.

Fortunately enough, I wasn't exposed to the gas long enough for it to be fatal, but I do have some pretty severe respiratory problems as I write this. Fortunately enough, I wasn't exposed to the gas long enough for it to be fatal, but I do have some pretty severe respiratory problems as I write this. Fortunately enough, I wasn't exposed to the gas long enough for it to be fatal, but I do have some pretty severe respiratory problems as I write this. Fortunately enough, I wasn't exposed to the gas long enough for it to be fatal, but I do have some pretty severe respiratory problems as I write this. Fortunately enough, I wasn't exposed to the gas long enough for it to be fatal, but I do have some pretty severe respiratory problems as I write this. Fortunately enough, I wasn't exposed to the gas long enough for it to be fatal, but I do have some pretty severe respiratory problems as I write this. Fortunately enough, I wasn't exposed to the gas long enough for it to be fatal, but I do have some pretty severe respiratory problems as I write this. Fortunately enough, I wasn't exposed to the gas long enough for it to be fatal, but I do have some pretty severe respiratory problems as I write this.
your thumb and your forefinger can be with these People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. They were on their knees, begging for the ant's life. Some were prostrating themselves all over the ground just groveling for the opportunity to take the ant's place. “Crush my head instead!” they shrieked. “Leave the poor arthropod alone!” I was sick to death of this segment of the human population, so I crushed one of the ants just to spite them. They reeled back in horror, groaning in orgasms of revulsion, vomiting all over themselves, collapsing into hysterical mounds of weeping somatic garbage.

They tried to stop me from getting away, but I grabbed another good-sized ant just to be sure. I made the gate of the camp and stole one of the company cars, pushed the pedal and headed back to my apartment, figuring the gas would be gone by now. My chest ached at the thought of it and I realized that I was running on about half of my usual lung capacity. I’d have to quit smoking.

Grabbed some clothes and toiletries back at my place, walked to the kitchen and grabbed my money and my stash from out the oven. I'd drive all night, gotta keep away from those goddamned PETA-types.

Next morning I made Tj having driven well over a hundred all the way. Stopped in a seedy looking run-down diner. “Breakfast, por favor?” “No, senor. No breakfast.” Another diner. “No breakfast, senor.” Another. Same deal.

No breakfast in the whole fuckin town...